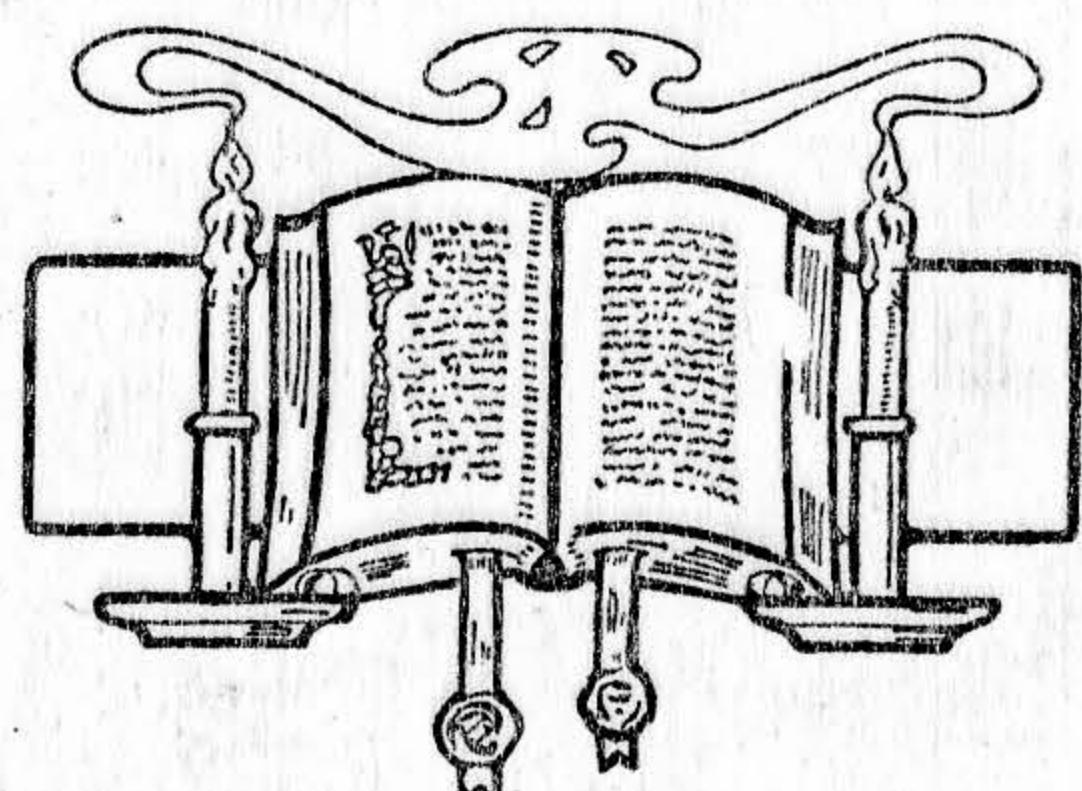


ANNUAL

LHS

THE LINCOLNIAN



COLORS: OLD GOLD AND BLUE

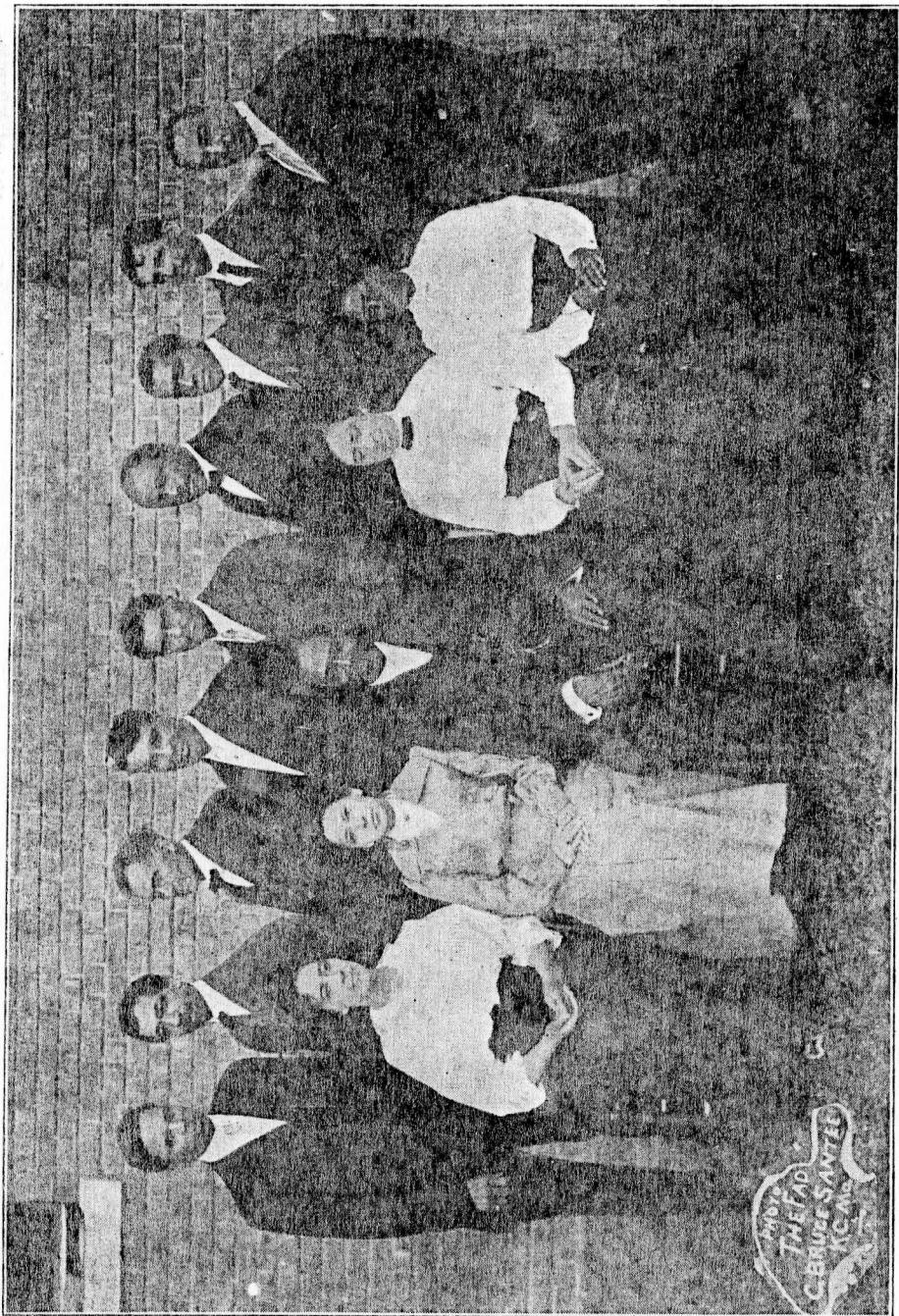
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LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL
CLASS OF 1914
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI



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THE FACULTY



T H E L I N C O L N I A N

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL, KANSAS
CITY, MO.

1913-1914.

Corps of Teachers.

G. N. GRISHAM, Principal.
Psychology.

CARRIE S. BRYDIE, A. B.
Latin.

ARTHUR B. PITTMAN, A. B.
Physics.

HUGH O. COOK, A. B.
Mathematics.

SUSIE M. RUSSELL,
Domestic Science.

DAVID N. CROSTHWAIT, A. M.
Chemistry and Biology.

T. BOLDEN STEWARD, A. M.
English.

WILLIAM H. DAWLEY, Jr., A. B.
History and Latin.

EDWARD B. THOMPSON,
Civil Government.

GEORGE S. ELLISON, A. B.
Mathematics and Economics.

MYRTLE F. TODD,
English.

BESSIE M. HAWKINS,
Domestic Science.

C. R. WESTMORELAND, A. B.
Manual Training.

SADIE E. OVERTON, A. B.
English and Literature.

FRED'K J. WORK, A. B.
Music.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Lincoln High School graduates take five diplomas from other schools this year.

Edward W. Parrish, '08, finishes the course in agriculture at Manhattan.

Wertie Blackell, '09, completes the college course at Howard University.

Edward Baker, '09, graduates from the literary course at Kansas University.

Mamie Buckner, '11, graduated in April from the Nurses' Training Course at Meharry.

Pa.¹ Crosthwait, '10, finishes the course of dentistry at Northwestern University, Chicago.

Joseph Bowler, '08, graduated from Kansas University last year and is preparing to take the master's degree at Chicago University.

Estellene Greer, '09, graduated from Kansas University last summer and intends to engage in teaching.

Anna Crosthwait, '07, after teaching nearly three terms in Augusta Institute, has been elected teacher of French and German in the Baltimore High School.

Lulu Shelby, '09, finished the domestic science course at Manhattan College last year and is engaged in teaching at Lincoln Institute.

Cora Carr, '07, who graduated from the Fisk Conservatory several years ago, is teaching music in Virginia.

Judith Symms, '10, is making a bright record in Kansas University.

John H. Ronce, '99, is teaching in Greary, Oklahoma.

Rev. Chas. Williams, '92, is preaching acceptably in Wichita, Kansas.

Rev. Joshua Rice, '07, is pastor of a Church in Coffeyville, Kans.

Wendell Green, '04, and Loraine Richardson, '07, were married last summer. The young lady made an excellent teacher at the Garrison School, and the young man is doing well as a mail clerk for Uncle Sam.

Dr. William I. Teague, '96, and his wife are another alumni couple flourishing in Muskogee, Okla. Their little son, 11 months old, visited the city last fall.

Mrs. Eliza (Thompkins) Dishman, '92, of Denver, revisited her old home last fall and was the recipient of many social honors.

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Woodie Jacobs, '04, is president of the local branch of the "National Association for the Advancement of Colored People."

Lee Peters is at Atlanta University.

Neosho Venerable, '09, finishes the bachelor of arts course at Kansas University.

The class of '13 stands with the best in the number that went off to college after graduation.

Lorraine Jackson and Katherine Jefferson are at Emporia preparing for teaching. Ashley Hawkins and Chester Kitchens are freshmen at Kansas University. Grace Middleton and Genevieve Wilson are taking courses in domestic science at Manhattan.

Mrs. Hettie (Bogy) Nix, '93, is president of the Parent Teachers' Association of Lincoln High School. She has two children in the high school. One of whom is a member of this year's class.

Mrs. Rosa (Pratt) Moore, '93, has rendered faithful service to the Parent-Teachers' Association the past year. Her daughter is a member of the first year class.

Edward Dunn, '06, is in the city again after a very successful concert tour through Canada.

Mrs. Fanny (McCormick) Peck, '98, is continuing at Allen Chapel the excellent work she began for the young people during her husband's pastorate in Kansas City.

Wilmer Campbell, '04, has been taking her turn at pharmacist at the People's Drug Store the past year.

Wm. Houston, '97, and Dr. T. J. McCormick, '98, expanded their business and have now two drug stores on Vine Street.

Dr. E. J. McCampbell, '04, has not only joined the McCampbell-Houston Drug Company, but is visiting his patients in a brand new, light running "Ford."

Lela Taylor, '11, and Roy Lewis, '10, have entered the holy bonds of matrimony.

Mary White, '09, the brilliant pianist, after two years in Oberlin Conservatory, has a fine position as music teacher in Florida.

Mrs. Fanny (Lewis) Basket, '97, is completing a fine \$7,000 flat on Flora Avenue.

Sallie White, '12, Catherine Washington and Callie Williams, '07, are among the recent additions to the public school corps of our city.

Mrs. Addie Walker Collins, '98, sent her oldest son, Floyd, to the high school last September.

Mrs. Leurlean (Snadon) Wilson, '97, is in Muskogee, Okla., helping her husband in church work.

David Crosthwait, '09, who finished a course of mechanical engineering in Purdue, has a good position in Marshalltown, Iowa.

Inez Page, '02, is still rendering good service as a clerk.

Edward B. Thomson, '01, is the proud father of five children.

Sarah Richardson, '12, is attending Manhattan.

Edith Richards, '12, is taking a kindergarten course.

Anna Collier, '11, is making a brilliant record as a teacher at Douglass School.

Blanche Yancy Lewis, '12, is making a concert tour through Canada.

O. O. and M. T., '14.

HAROLD'S LOVE AFFAIR.

Mamie Lewis, '14.

Theresa and Evelyn had been considered the beauties of their class. Theresa was a blond with blue eyes and golden hair, while Evelyn had raven locks and black eyes. It had been four years since they had graduated from school. In that time circumstances for the two girls had changed. Theresa had become the leading society girl, but Evelyn, having been left an orphan, worked in a store.

It was the eve of the return of Harold White, who had alternated his affections between the girls in school days. Everyone in the little village was wondering whether Theresa or Evelyn would be fortunate enough to win him. The evening of his arrival a welcome home dinner was given for Harold by Mrs. Coles. Theresa looked her very best as she smiled her greetings to the guests. All through it was a delightful affair and Harold was highly entertained. But remembering the spirit of comradeship which had existed between Theresa and Evelyn, he wondered where Evelyn was and why she was not with Theresa that evening.

After the dinner Harold went home thoughtfully. Still wondering, he asked his mother when they were seated upon the front porch watching the clouds in the summer sky.

"Mother, dear, I didn't see Evelyn Walton at the dinner. How was that?"

"Why Harold White," she exclaimed. "Surely you don't expect the best of society to invite paupers to meet what they expected to be their foremost man?"

"If you call Evelyn a pauper because she works for her living, I must say I did expect her."

"Harold, I hope you are not going to renew

that old friendship. There is Theresa, who is the leading young girl of society."

"To be sure, I will renew my love, not to say friendship, with Evelyn. I always loved her, and love her yet; as for Theresa, I liked her as a friend only."

"And this is the way you are to bring shame upon the head of your mother, by loving a common working girl, simply because you think your former love is binding."

"I am sorry, indeed, mother, if I bring shame, but I must find Evelyn." And with these words he left his mother.

Mrs. White, having been left alone, brooded upon the shame which would surely be brought to her by her son's contemplated action. Then she thought of a plan, knowing that Evelyn was not in town then, to bring Harold and Theresa together and rekindle the former friendship, which she believed to be love. Her plan was to have an outing party to Glendale, a place about fifteen miles from Ruthford.

When Harold left his mother he went directly to Miss Brown and inquired for Evelyn. She told him that she had been called away on account of the death of a distant uncle. So, not finding her, he returned home, to be fronted the first thing with the plans of the outing party. And what depressed him more, Theresa was entrusted to him. Not that he disliked Theresa, but he doubted himself and feared that he might be bewitched by this wondrous beauty. He was determined to be strong, and he never doubted the promise Evelyn had made to him in their school days. He realized that, though Theresa had thousands in wealth and was surrounded by luxury, and his mother favored her for his wife, he knew that Evelyn most needed him and he needed her.

Three days had passed and it was Thursday evening when Evelyn returned. Only that morning had the outing party started on its trip to Glendale. When Evelyn reached

Miss Brown's she told her of Harold's call. Great was Evelyn's joy to know that Harold had returned, and just when she needed him most. She combed her lustrous hair and put on a beautiful clinging white dress, thinking perhaps he would call that evening. Evelyn was indeed a vision of loveliness when she descended the stairs to await Harold's looked for arrival.

While she waited she glanced aimlessly over the paper. Her eyes fell upon the account of the outing party and of the prospect of a wedding soon. She was shocked. Was it possible, could it be true that Harold was going to marry Theresa, and that he was only going to offer her charity? Why had she been so foolish? Not until now did it dawn upon her that Harold was not serious. She had thought him so different from the rest. She was on the verge of tears when she thought, why should she despair at the news? Disappointed and worn she sought her room and sat late in the moonlight in unhappy thought.

It was now the third day of the outing trip. During these days Theresa tried to work her charms upon Harold, to no effect. She determined that he should go insane about her and ask her to marry him, and then she would show him how she would refuse him and tell him of her engagement to the Frenchman, which was her secret. Then she could picture him going back to ask Evelyn, whom he had scorned. So to start her plan she arranged to have "Evelyn Rich Marriage" announced in the paper. She knew this was the name of Harold's sweetheart; she was determined to win Harold. She saw this was the only way. That evening when she and Harold were out walking she showed him the announcement and laughingly said, "What do you think of that and to think she use to love you?"

"Theresa it cannot be so!" "It is not my

Evelyn." "I must go and get it from her lips," objected Harold.

"You think it is not so, well take my word for it, all women are alike." Theresa knew that when he went to Evelyn and told her of the announcement, she would be too astonished to deny or say anything; thinking that he doubted her that much.

The following day Harold went to see Evelyn. The minute she saw him she was all smiles and greeted him with joy, but she thought that he acted strangely.

"So it must be true," he thought. "She is not working."

"How lucky it is that you caught me home. It was so good of the manager to give me a week off," said Evelyn.

"So it is true that you are married? I never would have thought you could disappoint me, Evelyn," said Harold.

"I, married!" exclaimed Evelyn. "That is indeed a very funny way to start."

"Ah, I suppose you think I ought to congratulate you, but I am not to be fooled with and I curse you."

"Harold, I do not know what you mean. You know I am not married!"

"I knew you would try to dissemble about it; but you will rue it. I hate and despise you!"

With these frenzied words he left her. She was too shocked and crushed for connected thought. She wept because he doubted her. She was hurt because Theresa, whom she knew had shown him the announcement of her namesake's marriage, had plotted against her. Thinking of her deep wrongs, she flung herself across the couch and cried bitterly. Miss Brown hearing her sobs ran in the parlor. But Evelyn was too hysterical for self-control. Miss Brown called some of the other boarders and they carried the distracted girl to her room.

"That's what I say about these men," de-

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clared Miss Brown. "They win the love of innocent dear girls, then break their hearts No man for me!"

It was some time before Evelyn gained her composure. When she did she was told it would be a long time before she would be allowed to leave her bed, as her heart was weak. After Harold left Evelyn he returned to the camp and went to his mother. He told her that she was right about him going to bring her fame now. That evening when he went out with Theresa he was gay and happy. Theresa was lovely in her outing frock and was happy, for she knew her plans were going to work.

They had not gone far when Harold turned to Theresa, seized her hand and said, "Theresa I have been blind. I loved Evelyn and thought she loved me, but I was blind. I cannot love you as I have cherished Evelyn, but I need you."

"Ah, you think you want me now. You do not see yet; you are blind. I care not for you."

"I am engaged and will marry in the spring. Neither my father nor my mother know of my engagement.

"Take my advice and go to Evelyn. You men doubt women too soon. Evelyn is too true. She has not married. It was her namesake who married. She loved you. I hate you and because of that hate I planned this outrage."

"O, Theresa, how could you?"

"Yes, how could I? Well how could you doubt such a pure girl as Evelyn?

"I tell you to go to her— Ah, you are not worthy of her."

With these words and a scornful laugh she left him.

All while Theresa rebuked him, Harold hung his head. Not until he was sure she had gone did he stir. Then he sat down on a log, bowed his head and said:

"She is right. How could I have doubted Evelyn. I should never have agreed to go on the party without seeing Evelyn.

"Mother was blind too. But not so blind as I.

"Ah! I cursed the one I love!

"I want Evelyn now, but dare not ask her again. I doubt her still."

"She is not like others. She will forgive me.

"But, oh! the agony she has gone through.

"She said she loved me and I told her she lied.

"Ah! wretched me!"

These last words were uttered from the very depth of Harold's soul for he realized the predicament in which he had placed himself.

That evening Harold told his mother how they had wronged Evelyn through the trickery of Theresa Coles. Mrs. White told him to have courage and confess his wrong to Evelyn. If she loved him as he believed, she would forgive him. He agreed to go the next day. It was known that the party was to break up the next day. Already had Mr. and Mrs. Coles and their daughter Theresa left, because of illness of latter.

The next day Harold called at Miss Brown's and asked for Evelyn. He was drenched in grief when told he could not see her.

"Ah God! must she die on my account. It must not be. My good woman I implore you to let me see her. I have wronged her." I love her and she must not die."

Miss Brown was overwhelmed by the pleading. She could restrain him no longer. Gently she led the grief-stricken man to Evelyn's room. There he fell down by her bed and wept. Evelyn rested her hand tremblingly on his head and let him weep his heart's content. At length he was able to speak in coherent and imploring words begging for forgiveness. She told him to arise and forget the past and live in the present for their love.

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He arose and having been left alone the conversation turned. They talked of their school days. "Do you remember the promise we made to help each other when we were in need?" asked Evelyn. "Ah well do I remember it; but I—." She let him get no farther, but reminded him not to regret anything. They talked of the wedding and when he left both were happy, because he said Evelyn would recover and they could have the wedding soon. The next day Mrs. White came and stayed all day with Evelyn. She wondered how she ever hated such a dear girl.

After Evelyn recovered she prepared for her wedding. It was indeed a wedding. The bride looked lovely in the charmeuse gown and orange blossoms. She carried a bridal bouquet of lilies and roses.

Miss Brown gave the bride away.

The groom was equally as delightful to look upon as the bride, and after the wedding as the two started on their bridal tour every one declared the pair were well suited.

Mrs. White was thankful that she was worthy of such a daughter.

As for the Coles family they went to Europe and all trace of them was lost.

A second joy came to Evelyn after she had recovered she found that her deceased uncle left his fortune to her. So when Harold led Evelyn to the altar he led an equal to him in fortune, but far superior to him in will power.

Did you know the greatest difference between man and woman is that a man cannot talk without a text, while a woman can talk without even a pretext.

Barber (after a shave)—"Hair dyed, sir?"
The Teacher—"Yes, it died about ten years ago."

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 14.

Mattie Revis and Wilmer Hampton.

History as we have been taught is the knowledge of events. Herewith we give you a small sketch of our knowledge of events that have happened during our four years in Lincoln High school. If we should try to tell all of the important events we are sure this Annual would be full of class history.

This noble class of "freshies" which entered Lincoln High in the year 1910 numbered one hundred and fifty. It has decreased wonderfully in numbers since that time. In the second year we had decreased to 116. In the third year we mustered seventy in number. Various causes conspired to decimate our ranks, yet each year we carried the record of having the largest class that was ever known in the history of Lincoln. At the beginning of our fourth year our enrollment was 44, a very large number for a senior class in Lincoln.

We spent a happy year when we were "freshies." Only once did sadness overwhelm us and that was when death's angel visited us and took one of our dearest classmates, Corine Ricketts. Two of our girls left to attend Lincoln Institute, Nellie Revis and Flossie Jones.

As this was our first year and we were just learning the ways of the school there were not many very important events. But we left the dear old "freshie" class with a determination in each one's mind to do more in our sophomore year. We did do more for we made it one of the most important years in our class history.

In this year we had one more death than we had in the freshman year. The Lord saw fit to take from us two of our boy classmates, Lonney Green and Wendell Crews.

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This loss brought much sorrow and loneliness to our young hearts. Yet we shall always remember the happy hours and days we spent in school with these dear ones.

We must turn from the dark days and record some of the light. The second year was the last year the girls were to spend in the sewing department and it seemed as though each one wished to do more in this department than anywhere else. I think this was done for two reasons. (1) Because we were working girls and loved to sew. (2) Because we had teachers that always tried to make things pleasant for us, and always saw that the work to be done was finished promptly and correctly. These teachers at that time were Miss Fredrica Sprague, now happily married to Dr. E. J. Perry of this city, and Miss Carrie Stratford, now a teacher in Texas.

We do not mean to leave you to think that the girls did all the work. There are some boys in our class and they did beautiful work in the manual training department under the supervision of Mr. Charles Westmoreland. We are proud to say that it was at the end of this year that not only the faculty but the public agreed that the manual training and domestic science department had more work on exhibit than ever before in the history of these departments. It was this year that our classmate Willa Dixon left our class to attend Western University.

As we left the sophomore class, knowing that we had made a good record, we entered the junior class hoping to make a better one. We were very successful in our junior year, although we were very mischievous. There were some very bright scholars in our class and we were liked by most of the teachers. We had two very sad experiences in that year. We lost two of our very dear classmates, Carita Watson and Herbert Rhone. Their places can never be filled in our class,

for both were gay and playful and loved by us all.

The Junior year was the girls' first year for cooking and we progressed nicely under the supervision of Miss Grace Hardy, who was domestic science teacher.

The Junior year passed swiftly. Before we could clearly realize it, we were gliding into our fourth and last year. At the beginning of this year two of our members left us to attend other schools. They were Goldie Davis, who went to Topeka to attend the high school there, and Hueston Jackman, who went to Minneapolis, Minn. We also lost one girl through matrimony, Miss Ethel Miller. Our class has progressed well this year and we feel confident of leaving a good record behind us for dear old Lincoln High. We have progressed wonderfully this year in cooking under the supervision of Miss Susie Russell, and some of our girls took millinery under the supervision of Miss Russell. We did beautiful work, some of which was on exhibit in with the other needlework.

MINE OWN PEOPLE.

Could I but sing the goodness of a people
loved by God;
Feared by those who hate a Race who firmly
trod
The ways that are right and just to all mankind;
I would sing in clarion voice that shook the
firmaments
Praises of this beloved Race of mine.

Could I but raise a monument that reached
so high—
That its apex seemed to pierce the very sky,
I would have writ across it this one lone line,
(That all mankind could see all o'er the
world)—
God first, then this beloved Race of mine.

—C. Leslie Frazier.



A TEN YEAR'S PROPHECY OF CLASS
1914.

As the train pulled out from the station I settled myself comfortably in the plush seat and picked up a magazine to read. I had a long way to go and had only one change to make. But soon discovered that I had no interest in reading. So I dropped the magazine, and allowed my thoughts to wander as fancy might allure.

In the midst of my reverie I became vaguely conscious of some one watching me. I looked up and saw that it was Henry Beach, an old classmate of mine ten years ago. I could hardly believe my own eyes. He appeared not to have changed much save to become a little more settled. For this he had a plausible reason, he was now married and was the father of seven children. He told me he was on his way home, which is still in Kansas City. I was delighted to converse with him as he was the only passenger on the train with whom I was acquainted. We talked about our old school friends since he

Class...

Prophecy

had lived in and about Kansas City these ten years.

I asked him about each one, but what was the most shocking of all of his conversation was that Edith Douglas, the quietest of our class, had committed suicide over some love affair. For this reason Eugene Walker grieved so deeply that his parents urged him to go to Arizona for his health.

When we reached Chicago I made my first change, thus bidding my old school chum adieu, but promising to renew our acquaintance when I returned to Kansas City, as I had to stay over night in Chicago. I jumped into a taxicab and went to the quietest hotel in town. The machine stopped in front of a pretentious building. All marble and cut stone it towered nine stories in the air and its apartments well correspond with its exterior. Whom do you think were the owners of this elegant hostelry? Maud Hudgins and Lester Hubbard, who, after marrying had had wonderful success. No one could have hoped for so much from Lester, the class "parrot." The two young people seemed very happy in their work, being equally ambitious and industrious.

They told me of many pleasant occurrences from them I learned with surprise that Olga Overall had married and was living out in the suburbs of the city in a beautiful bungalow.

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Around her played two pretty little children, a girl and a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard had planned to attend the opera that night and invited me to join them. I was as much delighted with the performance as with the courtesy and culture of my hostess.

I was unexpressibly surprised in the Prima Donna, who was Elsa Nix, assisted by Joyce Dorsey, Melody Tomlin, Elsoneter Fowler, Willburn Young and William Williams and all members of our class who were able supporters and artistic members of the Opera company. It was indeed a success. After the play, I went behind the scene and made my self known. We had a joyous time renewing friendships and exchanging high school confidences. It was very late when Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and myself returned home.

I was awakened early next morning, breakfasted in my room and went at once to the station, intending to take the first car.

I met Clarence Jones dressed in the blue uniform of a porter. He told me that Bertha Williams had recently given her hand to him in marriage. He said that Mattie Revis Myrtle Everett, Nellie Bowman, Lillie Smith and Minnie Taylor had finished Spellman Seminary and had gone to Africa as missionaries under the care of Samuel Winston, who had become one of our greatest Evangelists. During the conversation, I also learned that Mildred Langums, Virginia Akers, and Mamie Lewis were language teachers in Wilberforce University.

At last I arrived in Kansas City. The first thing I did was to find a quiet place to stay as my mother and sister had long since moved to Denver. As I moved along I saw many familiar faces, but none seemed to recognize me. I walked on with a bow and a smile. At last I came to a beautiful little bungalow; I saw a little child playing in the yard with her doll. Something about the child attracted my attention. In order to

satisfy my curiosity, I went in and rang the bell. To my surprise and delight I beheld Gertrude Baker. She recognized me at once I went in and we talked of old times. She told me she had been married four years and from the way everything looked I presumed she got the "Ideal" husband of whom she had often spoken. She told me she had just received a letter from Helen Ewing stating that she and hubby were well and that the next place which they would visit would be Niagara Falls. This fact led me to believe that Helen must have married "George Washington." She also stated that while in Salt Lake City, they met Alberta Gayton and Flossie Bass who were preparing to startle the entire city soon by a double wedding.

Gertrude also told me that Frank Callovay and Alfred Hampton were mail clerks and Wilburn Johnson was a mechanician in Philadelphia.

She told me too, that Pauline Washington had recently received word from distant relatives in Florida to come and reside with them. I felt pleased to hear of Pauline's fortunate offer and hoped she would accept it. When Gladys Irving was last heard of, she was exploring the wilderness of Australia.

As the next night was Thursday, I decided to go to a dance. In preparing, I discovered I needed some little things. I went in search of them. Shortly I came to a large Millinery Store. I looked at it the second time and read it—"Hampton & Hunter's Millinery Store" and with the greatest of pleasure I found out that the establishment was owned and managed by Wilma Hampton and Ethel Hunter.

When I reached the dance, I paused thunderstruck—who do you think I saw leading the Grand March? Napoleon McFadden and her husband. I soon sought an opportunity to talk to her. She said that Ethel Crosswaite and Leslie King had just sent her a cablegram stating that they would leave Lon-

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don the following day on the tenth and would arrive in the United States in about four weeks, as they were going aroundabout way. Each was accompanied by her fiance. At the dance a hundred dollar lavalier was given to the best lady waltzer. Who got it? Guess again.

After staying a few days in Kansas City, I returned to my home in Denver, Colorado. Every one was glad to see me as I had been traveling for two years.

Dovie Murray, '14.

A BOUT.

Characters:

Hank Hawkeye.....Lester Hubbard.....Von Whangdoodle.....Eugene Walker

It was an awful night. Along the dark and deserted highway a solitary figure stealthily made its way. It was the mighty Hank Hawkeye whose very name caused the stoutest hearts to quail. Malignant hatred gleamed in his right eye and in his left—a cinder. His back pocket bulged suspiciously as if a handkerchief had been thrust therein and from his belt the cold glint of a nickel-plate watch chain glittered glitteringly. About him the snow drifts were piled high and the fierce north wind whirled the snow flakes against him and cruelly dropped them down his neck. He stumbled along vainly seeking to avoid huge mud puddles, and shield his face from the pitiless hail. The wind roared and howled furiously, whirling great, choking clouds of dust into his eyes. The lightning rolled and crashed, the thunder flashed all about him. It could not have been worse. Above all, the sun flung down its powerful

rays with blithering heat, and Hank Hawkeye sighed cautiously as he mopped the dry perspiration from his alabaster brow and muttered between his set teeth, rather his two sets of teeth, "Hist! He cometh!" He paused for an instant, listening to the silence. Then hastily drawing his trusty lemon-squeezer from his pocket, he cut a great hole in the darkness, stepped inside and dragged the darkness in behind him.

A little later a short, seven-foot man swung along the highway. It was Fitzroy von Whangdoodle, Hank's deadly enemy.

Raising his trusty lemon-squeezer aloft, Hank Hawkeye stepped out and said in a voice choking with emotion and cough drops;—

(To be continued next year.)

W. Robert Williams, '14.

A handwritten musical score for "Swing Along" by Miss Marion Cook. The title is at the top center, with "Brightly" to the left and "Miss Marion Cook" to the right. The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The notes are mostly eighth notes. The lyrics "swing ta long chil-lun, swing a long de lane, Lif yo' head an yo' heels mighty high" are written below the staff.

Music

The music department, under the instruction of Prof. F. J. Work, has accomplished much this year and the school should be very proud of it. Several programs were given and appreciated very much.

The musical talent of the pupils not only showed improvement but also the effective elocutionary work brought forth the result of the careful training and preparation that our most able and beloved teacher, Miss C. Brydie, has given the pupils.

One of the most remarkable pieces of work was the program which the Seniors presented on Negro day, the 6th of March. The audience was very attentive and declared it was one of the best productions they ever witnessed.

Prof. Grisham was very much pleased and lauded it to the highest.

- I. Piano, From "In the Bottoms".....Dett
Joyce Dorsey.

II. Quotations from Paul Lawrence Dun-
bar.

III. Paper, "Henry O. Tanner".....
Melody Tomlin.

IV. "You Ask Me if I Love you".....
..... Burleigh
Elsa Nix.

V. "The Negro in Sacred History".....
..... Blyden
Lester Hubbard.



THE IMPERIAL QUARTET

- VI. "The Freedom of the Free".....Brawley
Mattie Revis.

VII. "Negro Love Song".....Work
Elsoneter Fowler.

VIII. "The Sorrow Songs".....Du Bois
Samuel Winston.

IX. Negro Melody, "Cheer the Weary
Traveller"
Semi-Chorus.



FRED K. J. WORK, A. B.
Music.

-
- X. "I See and Am Satisfied".....Miller
Virginia Akers.
- XI. "Since You Went Away".....Johnson
Prof. F. J. Work.
- XII. Short Address.....
Principal G. N. Grisham.

There are many musicians in the class of

1914, not only a credit to its members but an honor to the school. The number is so large that it would take too much space to tell of each individual's accomplishments. The class is separated into four divisions: Singers, those who play piano and other instruments; those who sing and play; those who cannot perform but can detect the beauty of difficult and high class music.

Elsa Nix, '14.

MUSIC.

The Imperial quartet of Lincoln High has been a credit to the school and community. It plays only high class music and at high class places.

The members are: C. Russell Banks, a junior; R. Wallace Bruce, M. Tanner Williams (director), sophomores, and W. W. Robert Williams, a senior.

After the closing of school the Imperialists contemplate taking a tour through Missouri and a part of Kansas, giving concerts for a month.

W. Robert Williams, '14.





THE EDITORIAL STAFF

ALFRED HAMPTON
CLARENCE JONES

LESTER HUBBARD
GERTRUDE BAKER

THE POWER OF SUCCESS.

L. Gladys Irving.

In the performance of our duty as God gives us to see, is the real power of success. This power is not seen in achieving high honors or famous deeds, but in doing those things which brings peace to the soul of man.

Behind the power of success is a high and noble purpose. A purpose which is not to defeat but to defend the right. This purpose once begun and continued with perseverance and a steady concentration of forces is the only certain way to accomplishment.

Prayer guidance and firmness of purpose have been the making of many successful men and women, because they freed their minds of all intimidating occurrences and vexatious remarks. With the spirit of true bravery, they were enabled to stand the test. A purpose in view must have its final course.

William Lloyd Garrison, who started on his crusade against slavery, with the wealth, prejudices, political parties, and the traditions of the republic marshalled in overwhelming force against him, composed the brave words in the first copy of the Liberator, saying, "I am in earnest, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch and I will be heard!" These words rang the death knell of slavery. This man was determined to stand which was God's way to shatter that cruel injustice.

America, with the idea of liberty before her, amid powerful opposition, has faced several crises during her brief history as a nation.

At present there is a greater crisis wherein not this country alone but the nations of the world, are vitally concerned, which is due to principles that made America the

beacon light of all nations and from which civilization has received a lasting moving force in its world-march toward freedom of the people.

We are living in a time that is grand. A time distinctive for its power of adaptation to circumstances, a time that is awake to every achievement. And this indeed is that which wins the crown of success.

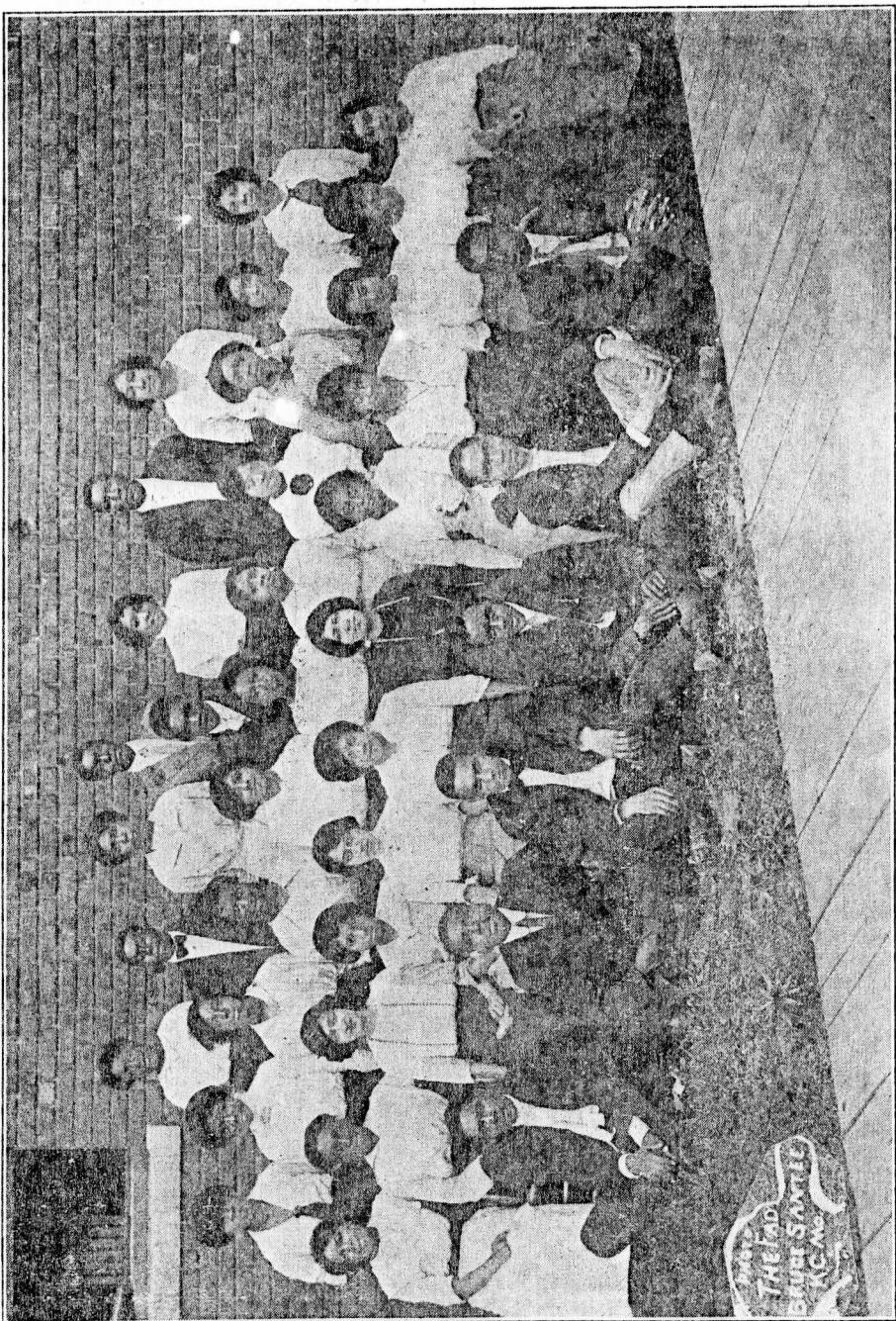
"For the treasures of precious worth,
We must patiently dig and dive.
For the places we long to fill,
We must push and struggle and strive,
And always and every where
We'll find in our onward course
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way we take,
The stouter the heart and the nerve;
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve.
For the glory we hope to win,
Our labors we count no loss,
Tis folly to praise and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

So ready to do and to dare,
Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountains high
The billows may rear and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord at the
helm
One more river to cross.

Men are mostly like tea leaves. Real strength and goodness does not properly come out until they have been in hot water.

THE CLASS OF 1914





W. R. WILLIAMS
President

MAMIE LEWIS
Secretary

SAMUEL WINSTON
Vice-President

**PLEASANT THINGS TO BE REMEM-
BERED BY THE CLASS OF "1914."**

Lillian H. Smith.

The splendid and cheerful service rendered by Miss Joyce Dorsey, as musician.

The oratorical ability of Miss Virginia Akers and Miss Mattie Revis.

The high scholarships of Miss Mamie Lewis and Miss Mildred Langums.

The sweet demeanor of Miss Gertrude Baker.

Those entrancing ways of Miss Dovie Murry.

The skilled needle work of Miss Olga Overall, Miss Wilma Hampton and Miss Napoleon McFadden.

The melodious voice of Miss Elsa Nix.

The soprano of Misses Lessie King, Elsoneter Fowler and Melody Tomlin.

The business ability of Messrs. Alfred Hampton, Clarence Jones and Henry Beach.

The good behavior of Miss Bertha Williams and Miss Alberta Gayton.

The charming ways of Miss Ethel Crosswhite and Miss Helen Ewing (?).

The fluency with which Mr. William Williams speaks German.

The artistic ability of Mr. Wilburn Johnson and Miss Minnie Taylor.

The assistance of Miss Ethel Hunter in the class play music.

The dignity and oratorical power of Mr. Sam Winston and Mr. Lester Hubbard.

The amiability of Miss Maude Hudgins and Miss Edith Douglass.

The pleasantness of Miss Pauline Washington.

The attentiveness to the sick members of the class by Messrs. Eugene Walker and Frank Calloway.

The Christianity of Miss Myrtle Everett and Mr. Willie Young.

The promptness and punctuality of Miss Gladys Irving and Miss Flossie Bass.

The quietness of Miss Nellie Bowman.

A Miss is not as good as a mile for a Miss has only two feet, while a mile has 5,280.

T H E L I N C O L N I A N

CLASS NIGHT PLAY.

Princess Chrysanthemum.

Princess Chrysanthemum, the Emperor's daughter	Mamie Lewis
To-To.....	Wilma Hampton
Yum-Yum.....	Mildred Langums
Maidens attendant on Princess.	
Do-Do.....	Virginia Akers
Tu-lys.....	Gertrude Baker
Fairy Moonbeam—the Princess' Good Genius	Melody Tomlin
The Emperor What-for-Whi, a Merciful Monarch	Samuel Winston
Prince So-Tru.....	Lester Hubbard
Prince So-Shi.....	Frank Calloway
In love with Princess.	
Top-Not, Count Chamberlain.....	William Williams
Saucer Eyes, the Wizard Cat, William Young	
Sprites of Night, Courtiers, Populace, Attendants, Fairies, etc.	
Scene I.....	Emperor's Garden
Scene II.....	The Cave of Inky Night
Scene III.....	Same as Scene I

Argument.

Act I.

A great fete is being held in honor of the coming of age of the Emperor's daughter, Princess Chrysanthemum. She is loved by Prince So-True and returns his affections, but he has a rival in the person of Prince So-Sli, who seeks the aid of the Wizard Cat, who carries off the Princess Chrysanthemum to the cave of Inky Night, leaving the Emperor and Prince So-Tru distracted at her strange disappearance.

Act II.

Princess Chrysanthemum, imprisoned in cave of Inky Night, with her magic ring summons the Fairy Moonbeam, who is about to help her when she drops the ring and cannot find it. Fairy Moonbeam disappears at the loss of the ring, and the unhappy

Princess is left to bewail her fate. Prince So-Tru manages to obtain entrance to the cave and finds the ring, which at once causes Fairy Moonbeam to return and aid him. At this moment the Emperor arrives with his attendants and takes Saucer Eyes prisoner, bearing him in triumph to his palace.

Act III.

Threatened with torture, Saucer Eyes confesses complicity of Prince So-Sli, whom the Emperor orders to instant execution. This is, however, frustrated by the appearance of Princess Chrysanthemum, accompanied by Prince So-Tru and Fairy Moonbeam with her band. The Emperor pardons Saucer Eyes and So-Sli at the Princess' request, and gives her hand in marriage to Prince So-Tru, thus bringing everything to a happy conclusion.

Here is a New Recipe. Try It.

How to Preserve a Husband—Be careful in your selection. Do not choose too young and take only such as have been reared in good, moral atmosphere. Some insist on keeping them in pickle, while others keep them in soft water. This only makes them sour, hard and sometimes bitter. Even poor varieties may be made sweet, tender and good by garnishing them with patience, well sweetened with smiles and flavored with kisses to taste. Then wrap them in a mantle of charity, keep warm with a steady fire of domestic devotion and serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared they will keep for years.—From the Nor'easter.

The superintendent was examining the school. "Who wrote Hamlet?" he asked.

A very frightened little boy rose and said, "Please, sir, I didn't."

With the Muse

IT CAN BE.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be
one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a
grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do
that;
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his
hat,
An ~~unknowable~~ first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be
done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you one
by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you;
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing, as you tackle the thing,
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

—Unidentified.



THE AWAKENING.

(Dedicated to my mother.)

How dark, Old World, you seemed to me,
O Light! O Hope! I sighed for thee;
No calm of peace I had within,
Because my life was steeped in sin.

But now, I love the woods and fields,
And I thank God for all life yields;
Among its scenes I now find peace
I pray to God, it shall not cease.

The sun of faith in beams of light,
Illumes my heart; my hope is bright:
And I am rich in tender deeds
To all mankind in all their needs.

Each day to be like Him I pray,
His life was one bright perfect day,
From Him I learn the truth of life,
That only falseness causes strife.

When I lay down my life to rest,
I'll live with God and e'er be blest,
And in the land where Jesus reigns
I'll sing for aye, angelic strains.

C. Russell Banks, '15.

THE LINCOLNIAN

THE GOLD AND BLUE.

I.

Our work is done,
Our thread is spun
In colors bright and true.
Shout forth your praise
'Till the heav'ns blaze,
For our dear Gold and Blue.

II.

Like meteors bright,
Thru' starry light,
The class of '14 flew.
Cross Lincoln's sky,
And trailed on high,
Its emblem; Gold and Blue.

III.

The sun's may rise
And gild the skies,
With purest gold serene
Their brightness shows;
Their color grows,
The Gold of class '14.

IV.

O'er oceans deep,
The white sails peep,
Of ships of stately mien.
On the ocean's breast
Lies fast the rest;
The Blue of class '14.

W. Robert Williams, '14.

FAREWELL.

(To the Seniors from the Juniors.)

Oh, how can we that one word tell,
To you we know so fond and well,
In all your deeds both great and small,
Loyal you were; you cannot fall.

Success is what we wish to you,
For life's rough path to you is new,
Press on with faith; do not retreat,
Struggle to gain the highest seat.

But ah! how can we say goodbye,
Without a sigh and tear dimmed eye,
Let not the stern world's selfish strife,
Blot out the nobler things in life.

It is for you to do and dare,
The road to fame is all but bare,
Ambition's flame keep ever bright,
For it will lead to works of might.

Do not forget old Lincoln High,
But let our emblem ever fly,
The hour is come and we must tell
To you dear friends, Farewell, Farewell!

C. Russell Banks, '15.

THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Elsoneter Fowler, '14.

The school is out! the school is out!
Proclaim they one and all;
The school is out! The merry shout
Resounds from room and hall.

II.

And bustling here and there they go,
A joyous, happy band,
With hearts and faces all aglow,
They take each other's hand.

III.

And gently murmur sweet adieu!
With many wishes twined,
That life may in their pathway strew
Her flowers of sweetest kind.

IV.

The school is out; to some perchance
'Tis out for ever more,
And they must now take up the lance
Or ply the lab'ring oar.

T H E L I N C O L N I A N

V.

And in life's ever warring field
Their real full life begins,
And panoplied with wisdom shield
Their spurs deserve and win.

VI.

To others school days are not done,
And time with love unrolled
Has just with them in school begun
His treasures to unfold.

VII.

The school is out and now we part
And go our sev'ral ways,
To mingle in life's busy mart
And spend vacation days.

VIII.

But let us all remember well
The lessons we've been taught.
And let our lives their impress tell.
We live them as we ought.

IX.

The old school house will be revered
And to our memories cling,
The chart by which our bark was steered
When life was in its spring.

X.

And teachers' will the twigs inclined,
And taught them how to grow.
Oh, dear their memories are inshrined
In days of long ago.

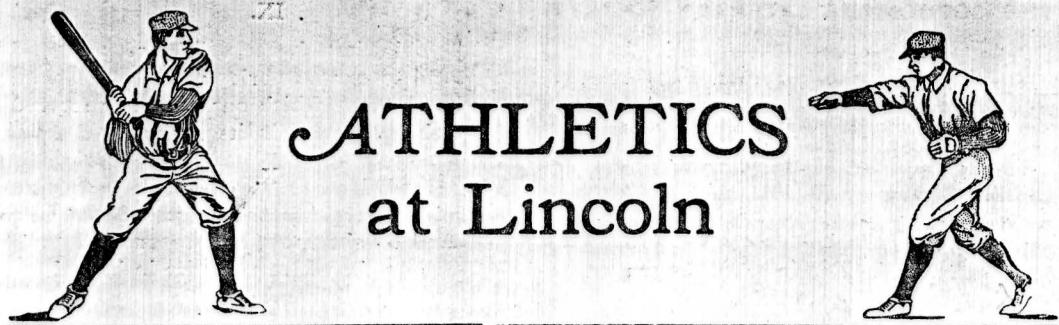
XI.

O Wisdom! sweet is thy address,
Thy wooings never cease,
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness
And all thy paths are space.

XII.

Thrice happy they who at the fount
Drink from thy crystal springs.
As eagles, they shall upward mount
Above all lowly things.





ATHLETICS at Lincoln

The athletics of Lincoln High School have been on the decline for the past year. This lack of interest resulted from the loss of several of Lincoln's crack players.

The crack football team of 1912 was composed of some of the best material that Lincoln could afford. This eleven was scheduled to play several games; 2 with Western University, 1 with St. Joseph High School, 2 with Sumner High and 1 with St. Louis High. The game with St. Louis High School was called off because the committees could never come together on any terms. All other dates dropped out from fright or other causes.

The team succeeded in playing only one game, which was with Western University. This game was lost to Lincoln High at the hands of a Kansas referee and umpire.

The boys of old Lincoln gave Western University such a shock that they have never succeeded in gaining another game with them.

The first baseball team of Lincoln High School of 1913, was one of the best that Lincoln has ever produced.

Their promising career was cut short after they played Sumner High.

Lincoln High was piling up a score against Sumner that was not very pleasing to several of the Kansas boys. They then started an argument with some of the Missouri boys which terminated in a running fight.

Lincoln High school is very much in need of a gymnasium. There is no apparatus with which the boys and girls can exercise themselves. Since Lincoln High is one of the first class schools it should not be deprived of this great physical exercise.

This class of 1914 leaves with the hope that the gymnasium will be one of those things which has been talked of much but may yet come to pass.

Samuel L. Winston, 1914.

T H E L I N C O L N I A N

THE SOPHOMORE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Louis G. Wright, Class '16.

The Sophomore Literary Society was organized September 24, 1913, and Mr. Fortune J. Weaver, Jr., was elected president, with Miss Roxana Cowden as vice-president, Miss Dorothy Cole, secretary, and Mr. Maceo Williams, treasurer. The society met regularly on Thursday, using every second Thursday for a literary and musical program.

On November 13, 1913, Messrs. Fortune Weaver and Floyd Collins went down to defeat before the onslaught of Messrs. Maceo Williams and Edgar Unthank in a spirited debate on "Should Cities Own Their Street Railway Systems?" The judges of the contest were Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Bigby and Mr. Dawley.

January 1, 1914, the club gave a social and

dance at the Armory Hall. A very enjoyable afternoon was passed with tripping on light fantastic toe and sipping punch between whiles.

At the end of Mr. Weaver's term of office, Mr. Louis G. Wright was elected president, Miss Marie Moore, vice-president, Miss Genevieve H. Graves, secretary and Mr. Nicholas Smith, treasurer.

On March 19, 1914, an excellent program was rendered by the Society to an audience of Freshmen and Sophomores. Under the very capable chaperonage of Mrs. Todd, a delightful day was spent at Swope Park on May 16. The club has progressed rapidly, having a maximum of forty members, a pair of debaters who challenge any other pair in the school, and last, but not the least, plenty of musicians.

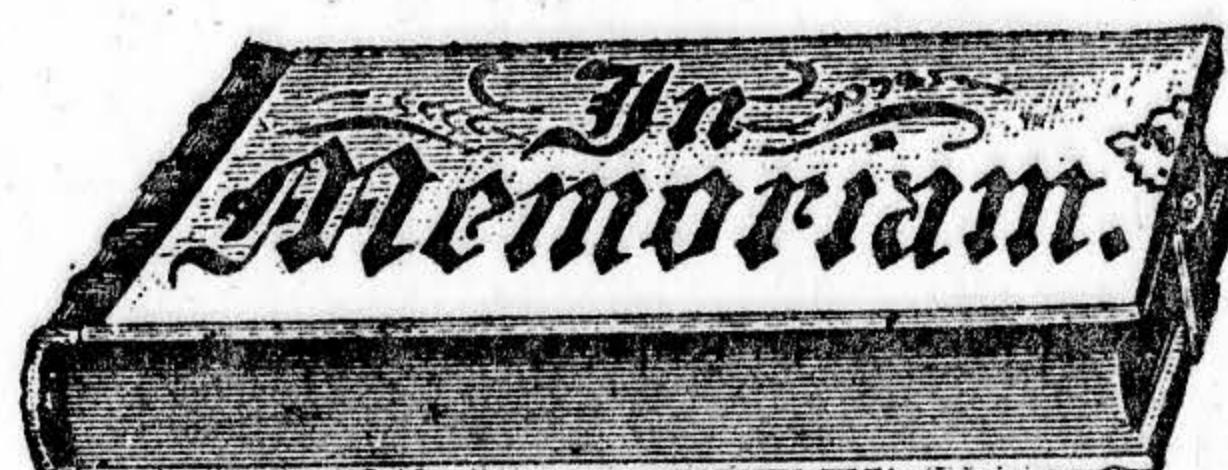
Rah! Who! Rah!
Siss! Boom! Bah!
Sophomores, Sophomores.
Rah! Rah! Rah!



CLASS HISTORY IN BRIEF

NAMES.	CHARACTERISTIC.	CHIEF JOY.	AIM IN LIFE.	CHIEF SAYINGS.
Mildred Langums	Noisy,	Asking questions.	To be a mathematic teacher.	Yeth, thir.
Bertha Williams,	Modest,	Talking to Mr. C. J.	To marry Mr. C. J.	Don't fool yourself.
Helen Ewing,	Talkative,	Laughing.	To marry G. W.	I should worry.
Gladys Irving,	Reciting,	Teasing.	To be a teacher,	Aint that rich?
Ethel Crosthwhite,	Smiling,	Being society belle,	To get A. J. back	Gets my goat.
Dovie Murray,	Making Eyes,	Putting on airs.	To be a flirt,	I mean that.
Alberta Gayton,	Innocent(nit),	Good time,	Never to wear long dresses,	Oh; I see.
Mannie Lewis,	Study all night long,	Being alone,	To attend Harvard,	Aint that rather broad.
Mattie Revis,	Inquisitive,	Playing,	To be a missionary lady,	What you say?
Edith Douglass,	Talkative,	Dodging music,	To be a nurse,	I ain't going to graduate.
Olga Overall,	Dancing,	Being a society be-	To be a June bride,	I got yuh.
Joyce Dorsey,	Frisky,	The gents,	To be a music teacher,	I don't care.
Myrtle Everett,	Wears hair down her back,	Eating alone,	That's a secret,	Oh, shoot.
Elisa Nix,	Singing,	Reading,	To get a little taller.	Well, I'll be.
Lillie Smith,	Nervous,	Bringing candy to school,	To be a second Melba,	Mankind.
Wilma Hampton,	Beneficial,	Going to show,	Never to get old.	I did one day.
Minnie Taylor,	Attractive,	Argumenting,	Go abroad,	Sure is.
Virginia Akers,	Dancing,	Reciting Virgil,	To be latin teacher,	Good night, nurse.
Flossie Bass,	Foolish,	Fumbling with her hair,	Can't prove it,	No Joyce.
Melody Tomlin,	Independent,	To get a beau and keep it,	To teach English,	No girl that ain't right.
Napoleon McFadden,	Dancing,	To shun boys,	To finish school,	Ain't that awful.
Maude Hudgens,	Religious,	Singing ragtime songs,	Old maid,	You ought to be ashamed.
Elsoneter Fowler,	Eating,	Eating fruit,	To marry W. H.	I mean sho nuff.
Gerrtrude Balter,	Smiling,	Good time,	To remain alone,	Child, isn't it so?
Pauline Washington.	Going to show,	To look neat,	Marry E. P.	Oh, yes, child.
Nellie Bowman,	Always on the go,	To read a good book,	To get out out of this class,	God, ain't it so?
Lebbie King,	Silent,	To keep her hair looking good,	To finish this time,	Stop.
Lester Hubbard,	Noisy,	To sing,	To be a doctor,	Oh! shut up.
Sam Winston,	Entertaining,	To use words not in dictionary,	To be a physician,	That's a blank.
Wilburn Johnson,	Frisky,	Meddling,	To marry Miss Ega Junior,	I did.
William Williams,	Teasing the girls.	To deceive his mother,	To be a lawyer,	Oh, hush.
Willie Young,	Annoying,	Talking to Miss O. O.	To be a bachelor,	I did one day.
Alfred Hampton.	Important,	Batting candy,	To be President of U. S.	That matters.
Henry Beach,	Criticising,	Looking for German,	Unknown,	That's what I meant.
Fugene Walker,	Sleeping in Class,	Memorizing everything.	Talking to Miss E. D.	Give me a chance.
Frank Calloway,	Stalling,	To be made over,	To be second Rip,	That's nerve personified.
Clarence Jones,	Meddling,	To be a doctor,	To be an undertaker,	I said that.

T H E L I N C O L N I A N



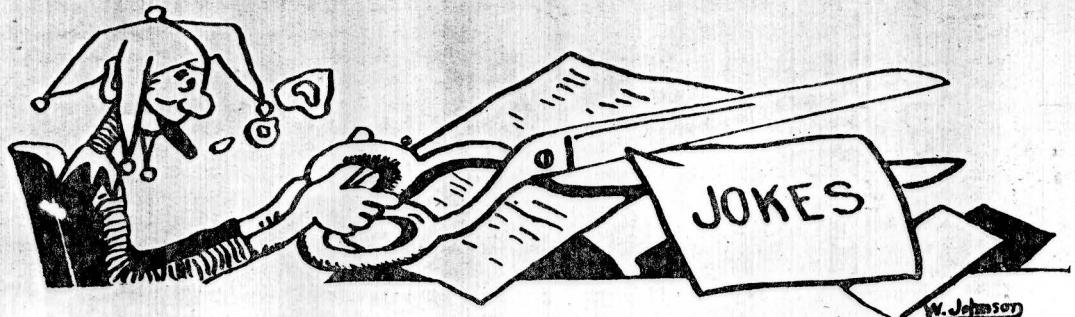
CORINNE RICKETTS.

CARITA WATSON.

LAUNHEY GREEN

WENDELL CREWS.

HERBERT RONE.



LINCOLNIAN HUMOR.

Wm. Y. just finished writing on one side of the paper in class.

Wm. Y.—“Miss O., must I turn over?”

Teacher—“Yes, if you are ready.”

One day in chemistry Prof. Crosthwait, after calling on one of his best pupils and getting no answer, said, “I will now call on some of the deadheads. Alright, Miss E. D.”

Miss E. D.—“I am not dead.”

Mr. Williams was talking in Literature class one day. Miss Overton said, “Mr. Williams, please stop talking.”

Mr. Williams—“You didn’t see me talking.”

Miss O.—“You don’t see talk but hear it.”

One day the class was in the laboratory. Prof. C. was showing an experiment, when Miss Douglas said, “Oh, look the asbestos is on fire.” Prof. C. said, “No, it is not on fire, the fire is on it.”

Mr. C. (in Astronomy class)—“What is the morning star called?”

Miss E. C.—“The Times.”

One day Prof. G. N. G. in Psychology class explaining the movements of the body, said “I like to see a long dog walk.”

Prof. C.—“Miss Murray, what is ground glass?” Miss Murray, after several gestures, said, “Why, ground glass is glass that has been ground.”

“What’s the shape of the earth?” asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

Willie—“Round.”

Teacher—“How do you know it’s round?”

“All right,” said Willie, “it’s square, then. I don’t want to start any argument about it.”

Teacher—“What is the meaning of evaporate?”

Student—“Evaporate means to disappear.”

Teacher—“Well, if a man goes out of a room does he evaporate?”

Student—“Yes, sir.”

Miss Overton—“Who was Marie Antoinette?”

W. J.—“She was queen of France who was beet headed” (meaning beheaded).

T H E L I N C O L N I A N

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His latest creation is the TANGO SUNDAE ON A BLAZER 15 cents. This is a combination of the best Nuts and Fruit Syrup incorporated with Ice Cream and capped with Angel Cake, served in gold and silver containers under a bamboo tree, among gleaming electric lights and before the breeze of an electric fan. This is irresistible!

The optimist tells who won the game. The pessimist tells who lost it.

Sister's Beau—"What did your sister say when you told her I was here?"

Little Joe—"She said she'd felt it in her bones all day that some kind of a calamity was coming."

"Johnny," asked a little miss of her small brother, "what is a widower?" "I'm surprised at such ignorance," replied Johnny. "Anybody ought to know that a widower is a widow's husband."

"Mamma," said little Laura, who had teased her father in vain for a nickel, "you are my dearest relative, but papa is the closest."

Any student who will pause for reflection will say that girl is not a noun. For alas is an interjection.

What proof nave we that Adam used sugar? He raised Cain.

What is the shape of a kiss? Elliptical (a-lip-tickle).

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THE LINCOLNIAN

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LINCOLNIAN HUMOR.

Prof. C. called on Miss Ethel Hunter suddenly one day in Chemistry who had been powdering her face, and asked Prof. C. "What did you say?"

Prof. C.—"If you hadn't had that rag around your head you would have heard me."

Miss L. S. was called on one day in German class. The sentence read as follows: "The motto of Philosopher Beas is 'I carry my all with me.'" Miss L. S. said "I drag all mine with me."

(In German class.) Mr. D.—"William, whose head do you hold?"

W. J.—"Nobody's."

Mr. Dawley—"It seems that was from your translation."

Latin—The one is dead who wrote it,
The ones are dead who spoke it,
The one will die who learns it.
Blessed Death, he sure did earn it.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if Cicero don't kill you Virgil must.

Prof. G. N. G. (in Psychology class)—"How do we know that when we wake up that we are the same self?"

Miss W. H. (looking important)—"Why, by our nose and eyes."

Miss Russell (in Cooking class)—"Gladys, did your cake fall?"

Gladys—"No, the oven fell."

Mr. Ellison (in Economics)—"Girls, don't talk quite so loud, you might wake up Mr. Eugene Walker."

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Mr. C.—“Lester, come here.”

Mr. Hubbard—“Here I is.”

Mr. Crosthwait in Chemistry called on Miss E. C. to recite.

“I didn’t hear you,” said Miss E. C.

Mr. C.—“No, I know you didn’t. You will have to go to a specialist to have your ear attended to.”

In English Literature: Mr. H.—“Gertrude, did Miss Overton mean write tomorrow’s lesson on paper?”

G. B.—“No, Maude, on a slate.”

Woman can drive man to drink more easily than in the opposite direction.

Both Phones

The teacher was telling the children a long, highly embellished story about Santa Claus, and Willie Jones began giggling with mirth, which finally got beyond his control.

“Willie! What did I whip you for yesterday?” asked the teacher, severely.

“Fer lyin’!” he promptly answered.

Willie—“Paw, what is an ignoramus?”

Paw—“A man whose views differ from yours, my son.”

Mother to her 10-year-old daughter: “Mary, don’t you think you are too old to play with the boys?”

Mary—“No, mama, the older I get the better I like them.”

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How long did Cain hate his brothers. As long as he was Abel.

Mrs. Smith—"Is my hat on?"

Smith (impatiently)—"Yes, your hat's on straight. Come along or we'll lose the train.

Mrs. Smith—"If it's straight it won't do. Wait a moment till I go back to the house and tilt it on the side."

"See here, Harold, you have a brown hair on your coat."

"Well, my dear, I called on you Monday night."

"But I wore purple hair Monday night."

"How's your arm?" inquired the manager of the pitcher who had just reported.

"Fine."

"Did you give it gentle exercise through the winter?"

"You bet. I kept steady company with a mighty nice girl."

Mistress—"Are you a good cook?"

Applicant—"Yes'm. I go to church every Sunday"

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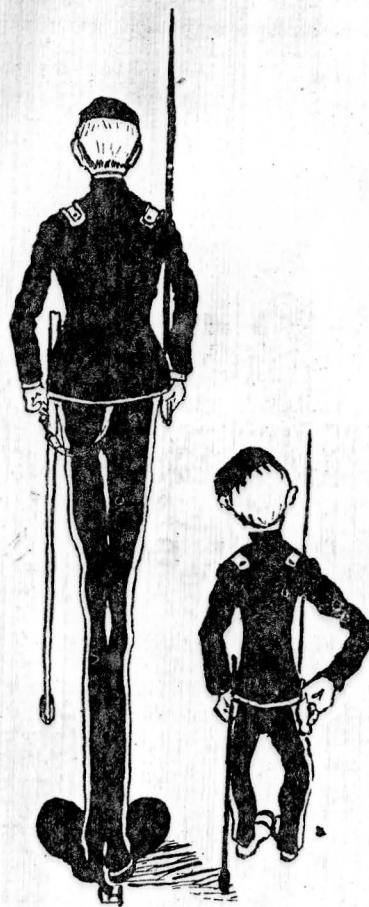
LINCOLNIAN HUMOR.

"Mabel, come up and see my new waist. It's one of my own conceits. What do you call it?"

"Navy design. You see I expect it to be well armed."

Lady—"So you're going to be an old maid when you grow up?"

Little Girl—"Yes. Darned if I am going to kiss a husband a hundred times and tell him that he looks like Wilson every time I want a new hat."



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T H E L I N C O L N I A N



THE END

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